

"Thank you, and good evening," answered the girl, dropping half a courtesy, with a vicious twinkle in her little eyes.

She turned, and was out of the room in a moment. On the way home through the narrow streets in the evening glow she sang snatches of song to herself, and thought of all she had said to Sor Tommaso, and of all he had said to her, and of how much afraid he was of her father's knife. For otherwise, as she knew, he would have had her arrested.

Suddenly, at the last turning, she stopped, and turned very pale, clasping both hands upon her bodice.

"Assassin!" she groaned, grinding her short white teeth. "He has poisoned me, after all! An evil death to him and all his house! Assassin!"

She forgot that she had experienced precisely the same sensations once before when she had been overheated, and had swallowed too much cold water.

(To be continued.)

*F. Marion Crawford.*

## FESTIVALS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

[THOSE who have observed the development of women's colleges in America must have noticed the natural evolution of customs, fêtes, and celebrations, some of which are as different from those in vogue at men's colleges as women are different from men. This difference is typified in, for instance, the college call of Wellesley, as compared with that of any of the colleges for men. There is every reason that in institutions for women esthetic culture should proceed along such lines, for in the hands of women especially rests the gentler side of life. If the love and art of grace and beauty are not with them, where shall these qualities be found? In all parts of the country is to be noticed of late years an increase of interest in gay and beautiful pageants, of one sort or another, on land or water. Women have in these a great part, and this new tendency in our rather hard and strained American life is surely one to be cultivated at school, in our homes, and in our communities.—THE EDITOR.]

### AT BRYN MAWR.



IN this age, when so much attention is given to the higher education of women, it is interesting to notice how college women spend the leisure hours of their college life. Light athletics, although playing a more and more important part, have not yet acquired the importance for women that they have for men, and social pleasures far outweigh them. At Bryn Mawr the social life of the undergraduates falls naturally into two parts, one centered about the freshmen, the other about the seniors.

The college year opens with a series of informal "teas" given by the older students to the newcomers, and these are scarcely over when comes the regular invitation tennis tournament, in which the college champions play against representatives from other colleges. During this time the college is very gay: teas are given on the lawns, and the colors of the contestants float from all the windows. The date of the tournament has usually been so set that the visitors have been present for the formal welcome given to the freshmen in the sophomore play.

The early experiences of the students at Bryn Mawr differ from those of students in other colleges in that hazing in its ordinary form does not exist. In its place has developed one of the oldest and most characteristic of our customs, that of "the presentation of lanterns," a ceremony which is the essential feature of the sophomore play. The sophomores greet the freshmen with a song, and present each one with a "lantern to light her steps through the unknown ways of college life," and especially through the mazes of the "group system." Sometimes much sage advice is given with the light, and once the unfortunate freshmen won their lanterns only after passing an impromptu oral examination. The form of this play differs with the character and resources of the class giving it; but as preparations for it are begun in the freshman year, it is expected to be both clever and original.

This very courteous sort of hazing is acknowledged a month or two later by the freshmen, who give an entertainment in honor of the sophomores. The freshman play is usually less ambitious than the sophomore play, but of the same general character, and it is most interesting to see the first expression of the ability of

the new class; for it is at this play that the freshmen first sing their class song, and give proof of any power or originality they may possess. No class in college has failed to receive the lantern; for, in order that '89, the first class to enter Bryn Mawr, might not be forced to feel its way in darkness, the younger classes united to give its members lanterns to light them on the part of their way that still lay before them.

By this time the freshmen are fully launched into college life, and henceforth little attention is paid to them as a class. From Thanksgiving till after the mid-year examinations the college life is much more quiet; the entertaining becomes more general in character. Because the course of study is so largely elective, there is little class distinction when the excitement of the class plays is over. Individual students take the initiative in getting up musicals, plays, fancy-dress parties, or germans, or give parties in their rooms for their special friends. Just as the freshman and sophomore plays show the character of each class as a whole, so these private enterprises serve to bring out the cleverness of the individual student. "Character teas" have become an established feature of college fun: sometimes all the guests come in costume, and play the part of literary people, or again they represent different social types, or illustrate college jokes. Some of the rooms, too, are very characteristic of the owners: over tea-tables and desks, on the doors, in fact anywhere, are found "signs"—that is, jokes or quotations suggesting hospitality and good-fellowship.

In the second semester the seniors become the center of interest. The first important event is the announcement of the European fellowships; and on the evening of this announcement the health of the new fellows is drunk in lemonade, and toasts are proposed by their friends.

Perhaps nothing is really more characteristic of the college than some of the small details of the life that are not even thought of as customs, and seem very trivial when put into words. A very pretty old English custom of the spring has been revived in college. Early on the morning of May-day the students roam the woods and fields for wild flowers with which to fill dainty baskets. A little later in the day these baskets, bearing verses of greeting, may be seen hanging on the doors of favored friends.

At this season begin the formal festivals for the seniors. For several years it has been customary for the juniors to entertain the seniors at supper. At one of the prettiest of these suppers the juniors, after seating the seniors, assembled at one end of the hall, and sang in chorus a most gracious song of welcome and farewell. The supper is followed by toasts proposed by the juniors and answered by the se-

niors—toasts to the class, to its fellows, or to anything in its history that is especially amusing or characteristic. The last of the speeches is a formal farewell to the seniors given by the president of the junior class, and the party breaks up with the singing of the most familiar college songs. An amusing feature of the occasion is the audience assembled under the windows: many students of the younger classes place themselves where they can watch the fun and hear the speeches. By singing class songs the *οἱ πολλοί* invariably force themselves upon the notice of the fortunates inside, and, faithful to the end, are finally rewarded with cakes and sweets smuggled out of the windows for their benefit.

Many gaieties are crowded into the last week of the college year. The first of these is the senior class supper, where the seniors meet for the last time as a class. Even those students who have been least sensible of class feeling are impressed by the solemnity of this occasion. Everything that has marked the career of the class is brought up "in memoriam," old jokes are repeated, songs sung, and stories told. Last of all, the class, standing, sings its own song, and gives its cheer. When all is over, some of the flowers and cake are sent to the honorary members of the class—that is, to those members of the faculty who first came to Bryn Mawr the year that the class entered.

The "college breakfast," held at high noon on the day before commencement, is given to the seniors by the other students. It is held in the gymnasium, which is decorated with daisies and boughs, lightened here and there by the yellow and white of the class banners. The toasts are followed by chorus-singing of college songs. Verses have been written to the air of "Here 's to good old Yale," and each year new ones are added for the new features of the college life; they may be in honor of different professors or students, or may commemorate favorite courses or college jokes. The best of these verses are remembered, and find their way into the permanent body of songs. So, instead of cheering the classes and buildings, it is customary to sing to them; and though cheers do exist, it is only of late that they have been much heard.

The first distinctive cheer was originated by the class of '91, and refers to the fact that the founder of the college, Dr. Taylor, was a member of the Society of Friends. It is:

Hurrah! hurray! for the Gray!  
Hurray! hurrah! Bryn Mawr!

Another familiar cheer is that of the class of '93; it was sent them as a greeting at the time of their freshman play, and is in Greek because

the play was a series of Greek pictures and scenes. It is:

κόπια τε γάμμα τε χάρετ'  
ἀριθμῶν ἕξοχα πάντων.  
'Rah for '93!  
Nine and three, welcome!  
Best of all numbers!  
'Rah for '93!

The later classes simply use the "'Rah! 'Rah!'" with the name of the class.

Since basket-ball has been introduced, and outdoor athletics have grown popular, cheering has become more common. During the game the competing classes cheer themselves and their individual players, and some of the cheers are most amusing, and hit off the methods of the different players very aptly.

But the seniors have not yet completed their career, and before college breaks up they hand over to the lower classes their duties and responsibilities, and make a tour of the buildings, serenading and cheering each building as they go. As a last courtesy to the seniors, the freshmen on commencement morning make countless daisy chains, which are used to dec-

orate the chapel and the hallways, while the sophomores act as marshal and ushers for the commencement exercises.

The final festivity of the year is the alumnae supper, given on commencement evening. The supper is especially distinguished from the college suppers by the speech of welcome made to the new alumnae, though it also differs in that the toasts and conversation deal with topics of general rather than of local interest. At the close of the supper the lights are turned low, and the lanterns that stand at the plates are lighted from one large lantern that has been burning throughout the evening at the head of the table. The alumnae stand holding the lighted lanterns, and, after singing the old college song, "Manus Bryn Mavrensium," they go out, leaving the lanterns burning on the tables.

From the repeated use of the daisy and the lantern in the college ceremonies, it is not difficult to understand why the yellow and white of the daisy have been adopted as the college colors, or why the lantern has been used for the design of the college pin and as the name of the college magazine.

*Susan G. Walker.*

#### AT MOUNT HOLYOKE.

IT is only occasional students at Mount Holyoke to whom "all work and no play" seems either attractive or necessary, and these few are not those known in class work as "all-around students." Time was when croquet or a game of bean-bag was the resort for vigorous recreation; but since physical culture has offered to college women the same means of development that is provided in colleges for men, all gymnasium exercises are in favor, particularly the class designated "heavy gymnastics," and those who excel in vaulting and the high jump, or are skillful in the manipulation of basket-ball (the present fad), are ready for the more athletic games of the campus.

In early autumn and late spring, when gymnasium work is given up for open-air recreations, a base-ball nine is usually formed; and if it never attains the excellence that dares challenge college neighbors, well-worn tracks give evidence that good runs have been made, while ruddy countenances and strengthened muscles testify to the healthfulness of the exercise.

Included in the college grounds is Lake Nototuck, well supplied with boats in constant demand; and although there has not been an overplus of enthusiasm for organized crews, some good rowing-matches are witnessed, and there is opportunity for each student to learn the art of rowing, which few neglect, and in which many attain grace and skill. The same

lake is equally popular in winter as a skating-ground, and the slopes toward it for coasting. The inventive power manifested in improvising substitutes for sleds for the multitude when a favoring crust appears is hopeful for the future of woman. Brooms and dust-pans return to their retreats after such occasions, valuable only as souvenirs.

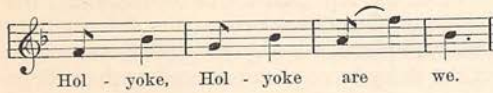
But the tennis-courts, increasing yearly in number, and always in use out of class hours, show which is the most popular of campus recreations. A tournament is held each year in June, and much class pride is taken in the contests and awards.

There are certain "set feasts" that the seasons bring around. Founder's day and Thanksgiving are times for the receiving and entertaining of guests; especially is the latter a time when former students come back to alma mater for the day, as to the old homestead. All-hallow-e'en is celebrated by a masked ghost-party in the gymnasium.

A lawn tea welcomes the sub-freshmen taking examinations near commencement week, and the senior class tender them a reception in September when they have fully entered upon their work. In accordance with an old custom, in early spring the youngest class are allowed "Freshman day," to pay their respects to Mount Holyoke; and no happier hour comes into college life than this, when, with a year of

completed work almost behind them, they ride away under the apple-blossoms, through "the long, low, lazy hamlet Hockanum," to the commanding height from which the college takes its name.

"Mountain day" is in autumn, when the foliage is at its best, and the fringed gentians are at home. Then each student betakes her to her favorite mountain shrine, whether of Holyoke or Nonotuck, both within a radius of four miles, as fancy or companionship may dictate; and all along the way, in the going and coming of the merry groups, rings out through woodland and vale the musical call:



A pretty custom during the time of flowers is for the classes in turn to decorate the dining-tables from the botanic garden; and individual bouquets of violets, pansies, roses, or whatever the season offers, make a spring breakfast more cheery and appetizing, and add a pleasure to a Sabbath-evening tea.

It is usual for the senior class, on the completion of a subject, to serenade the professor of the department with an open-air recital in song with original words. Suggestive passages are thus introduced in a happy way.

Tuesday of each week is set apart as recreation evening. It is occupied in the main by classes or societies in some reception or entertainment, now for a pecuniary consideration, in the hope of gain, and again with open-handed hospitality. Most surprising transformations are wrought in a marvelously short time in rooms and halls, and the extreme of ingenuity is exhibited in decorations and invitations. A single example—the latest—may serve as an illustration of the latter.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND FACULTY OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

The class of '96 wish to inform you that in the merry month of May—the merriest month of all the year—Robin Hood and his merry men under the greenwood tree did assemble, to pass the hours in mirth and jollity. On the 30th day of this month, we bid you lay aside all wanted care and dignity, and join with us in sporting on the green. A tuneful blast of Robin Hood's horn will sound at three o'clock, summoning you to the festive scene.

Follow your knots of Lincoln green.

Birthdays are made the occasion of unusual festivity at the tables where the aging ones sit. Then the rare china from the dainty tea-tables in students' rooms comes down, a few courses are added to the bill of fare, and all sit long, while quotations and toasts are served, and the well-wishing and happy returns are emphasized.

But "We are going on a tramp," which every pleasant recreation day so often hears, is one of the most characteristic means of enjoyment at Mount Holyoke, and a large majority of the students are good walkers. The beauty of the region in which the college is a center, and which Prospect Hill in Goodnow Park, on the grounds, brings into view, with the inviting walks radiating and anastomosing in all directions, takes away the monotony of "just going out for exercise." The Bluffs, the Larches, Titan's Pier, the Pass of Thermopylæ, the Notch, the Ferry, Bitter Sweet Lane, Paradise, Cold Hill, the Dark Woods, the Iron Bridge, Pearl City, Moody's Corners, and the Mountain Pasture, are among names dear to every Holyoke woman. Each has its special delectations, and all, within easy reach, offer inducements to pedestrians, and give a course in walking which is a liberal education in the pleasures of the road. As a result, for several summers parties have gone out from the college in vacation to make pedestrian tours. The Berkshires, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Alps, and Norway—all will testify to good walking learned in the Connecticut valley in the shadows of Mount Holyoke.

*Henrietta E. Hooker.*

#### AT SMITH.

THE favorite time for guests to arrive at Smith College is the Saturday before commencement, when, instead of having the sober side of college life thrust upon them, they are launched at once into the festivities of graduation. The dramatic representations of the senior class give them their first impression of college pastime. Although one may be familiar with amateur theatricals, the interest in a performance of this kind is always new; the person-

ality and atmosphere of the college are felt throughout. The city Academy of Music is, for the evening, owned by the class; the audience is composed of students and invited guests. Small groups of ushers, whose white satin wands alone distinguish them from the other students, wait at the door to conduct visitors to their seats. Joyful alumnæ are greeting one another on all sides; everywhere one is aware of strong personal interest and enthusiasm.

In the earlier days of the college the students contented themselves with some little farce or a local play written by one of the class. In '89, however, "Electra," in the original Greek, was undertaken, and its success roused class ambition. Though there has been a necessary drop to English, succeeding commencements have seen a representation of the Book of Job, George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," Racine's "Athalie" with Mendelssohn's music, and, last year, Professor Hardy's "Passe Rose," dramatized by three of the seniors. These subjects are treated with the greatest earnestness: special gymnastic movements and voice-culture are practised all winter, and a professional trainer is employed in the spring.

Every term some smaller play is given in the *alumnæ* gymnasium by one of the college houses. These have also grown in seriousness since the days of *impromptu tableaux*. The actors are daunted at nothing: Shakspeare, classic or modern drama, farce or tragedy, all are undertaken with the same zest, and with excellent results.

The gymnasium, however, does not confine its festivities to occasional dramatic representations. An *impromptu* dance, known as the "Freshman Frolic," opens the year. Every few weeks some house invites its college friends to a getman or dance. In October comes the reception given by the sophomores to the entering class. Originating with the idea of making the new girls acquainted, and possibly to emphasize womanly scorn of hazing, this has become one of the most cherished institutions, as well as one of the most characteristic festivals, of the college. Looking down from the running-track upon the seven or eight hundred girls dancing together, one is struck by the almost theatrical effect of the swaying forms and bright colors against the background of lavish decoration with which the second class has tried to outdo the class above. Men are not missed, so well are their places filled by the assiduous sophomores. Each new girl is escorted to the gymnasium by her partner, who, in addition to filling out her dancing-card and sending her flowers, provides her with a "memorabil," sees that she meets the right person for each dance, entertains her during refreshments, and escorts her home.

It is interesting to see the seriousness with which the whole affair is taken. The invitations are as daintily engraved, the girls dress as carefully, as for a coming-out party. You cannot treat it all as a joke when you see the scrupulous politeness of your partner, and the responsible air with which she makes conversation.

A dance of the same sort is given later by the juniors as a farewell to the senior class.

The seniors have their send-off from the second class as well — a supper and dance in the barn of some hill farm, a Greek symposium, or an Oxford high tea in cap and gown.

Class festivities are naturally more elaborate and perhaps more important, yet private entertainments have their place as well. Almost every room has its dainty tea-table. If a mother, sister, or friend is on a visit, beds are transformed into divans, extra rooms are borrowed, a collection is made of cups and spoons, and the rest goes of itself. Or, if the weather permits, tables and chairs seem to walk of themselves to the orchard, where only rain can dispel the atmosphere of picturesqueness.

Even science has its tea. Responding to cards for a "Chemico-physico Afternoon," one finds Lilly Hall transformed by flowers. The ushers' wands are glass rods tied with ribbons; coffee and lemonade, filtered into Florence flasks, are served in beakers, and drunk through glass tubes; wafers are passed in crystallizing dishes. In the hall a girl in white is drawing a wedding march from a harp of wooden reeds; in one laboratory are other experiments in sound; in the next are shown original effects in photography; electricity does weird things in the dark room; and queer tricks are played at every turn. Conversation is by no means necessary. Up-stairs, some other day, is the "Botanical and Biological Reception," where are shown things equally wonderful and beautiful. One may see the development of the plant from seed to fruit, or of another form of life from polliwog to bull-frog.

The social side of college, however, is not cultivated to the exclusion of outdoor life. Here one finds less originality and, perhaps, more likeness to the amusements of men's colleges. Nevertheless, the feminine character of the college is clearly revealed in the manner in which these healthy sports are conducted. Even against the base-ball that was played one spring no charge of masculinity could be brought. A glance at the young women playing after supper in train-dresses, the batter forgetting to drop the bat as she ran for her base, would convince any doubter of the feminine character of the game.

Base-ball, however, died a natural death at Smith College before the attractions of basket-ball. Here train-dresses are not allowed: the scientific spirit of the game demands gymnasium suits and an absorbed interest. The principle is much the same as in foot-ball — two baskets, hung about eight feet high, forming the goals; but the grace, self-control, and politeness developed among girls by such a game are most interesting. In a Harvard-Yale foot-ball contest one does not hear opponents saying at an exciting crisis, "Pardon me,



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE IVY PROCESSION,

but I think that 's our ball," or "Excuse me, did I hurt you?"

The enthusiasm for basket-ball culminates at the end of the winter term in the contest between the two lower-class teams. Although the second class, with its year more of practice, generally wins, it is never safe to predict; and the audience which fills the running-track is as full of interest and gay-colored excitement as cheers and banners can express. The game is even more attractive out of doors. Fortunately the field is retired enough for the girls to play without embarrassment in gymnasium suits, and the groans which rise when time is called are but slight indication of an enthusiasm which counts as nought bumps, bruises, or total loss of hair-pins.

A like enthusiasm is manifested over the tennis tournament held every spring. This

calls out friends from far and near. The back campus blossoms with ribbons and gay gowns. Each class has its champions, and it is a distinct gain when members of the faculty can be persuaded to wear its colors. There is nothing unique about a tennis tournament, but the girls play scientifically and well; a stranger enjoys being waved back into place by the colored wand of a girl beadle; and the rows of bright faces and frantic flags, against the background of river and hills, seldom fail to fascinate. The reason for the tournament, however, is neither scientific nor esthetic, but distinctly practical. Twenty-five cents a head is demanded at the apple-tree entrance, the proceeds, swelled by extras for ice-cream and score-cards, going to the treasury of the Athletic Association.

This association numbers about half the col-



SMITH COLLEGE.

lege. By means of annual dues, with the help gained from the tournament, it owns boats and tennis-courts, and governs all general athletic sports. The autumn hare-and-hound races are under its supervision; boating on Paradise Pond and walking and riding are encouraged by it; and special tramping parties, making fifteen or twenty miles in an afternoon, are often formed by its members.

In order that the students may become more familiar with the famous beauty of that part of the Connecticut valley in which Northampton lies, a "Mountain day" is set apart every October. Picnic lunches are then in order, and every sort of conveyance is made use of, from one's own feet, bicycles, and express carts, to barges and tally-hos. Memories of Mount Tom and Holyoke, of Whately Glen and Sugarloaf, follow one through the year, often through life.

In summer the life of the college centers about the campus. On a warm afternoon there is no place like a hammock in the orchard; the rear steps take the place of a college fence; and the glee-club singing never sounds better than on the lawns. A sunset dance on the grass, to the music of some strolling German band, presents an even more unreal effect than on the gymnasium floor.

During the entire spring term picturesque-ness increases till it reaches its climax at commencement time. Here, too, the background is the campus. The white-robed procession, as it files down the aisles on Baccalaureate Sunday or commencement morning, is always impressive; but one remembers it longest as it winds its way across the campus on class-day morning, finally massing on the college steps for the Ivy Exercises. Class-day evening also



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

MAY-POLE DANCE, VASSAR.



makes the fittest ending to this side of college life, as commencement morning to the intellectual. Students, friends, and relatives stroll over the lawns, while the glee club sings from the college steps. As the sun sets, and dusk deepens, thousands of colored lights glow from

the trees, until, when the singing is over, one finds one's self on a new campus, under enchantment for a time. From the reception in the college hall one comes out again into its spell, and the last evening of the college year passes too quickly under its elms.

*Harriet C. Seelye.*

#### AT VASSAR.

THERE are certain differences between our American colleges for women and those for men which are characteristic, and will never disappear, notwithstanding the rapidly increasing similarity of the colleges in other respects. The curriculum which the Vassar student follows may, wisely or unwisely, grow more and more like that of the student at Harvard or Yale; but the other side of college life, the physical and the social, will always retain not only its individual flavor as Vassar, but also its distinctive characteristics as womanly.

The Vassar student will never find the chief source of her mental rest and physical strength in base-ball or foot-ball, on the running-course, or with the crew. What takes their place? Every professor who has conducted the work of college students of both sexes will support the statement that college women need even more than men the relaxation of mind and the physical development found in athletic sports. The professor would agree with me because the college woman is more conscientious than the man, and shows less freedom of spirit in her work. Doctors would take the same stand because she is less strong physically. What, then, does she substitute? Since the trial of college education for women has been successful, she must have discovered some solution of this phase of the problem.

Taking up first the question of physical strength, our surprise that the Vassar girl can maintain her good physical standard with so few outdoor games of lively and universal interest is somewhat mitigated when we remember that she is bound on her honor to retire every night at ten, with only three exceptions a month, and to take at least one hour of outdoor exercise daily, and three hours a week in the gymnasium. Nine hours of sleep, regular meals, and regular exercise make up a program worth more than the most healthy games with an irregular life.

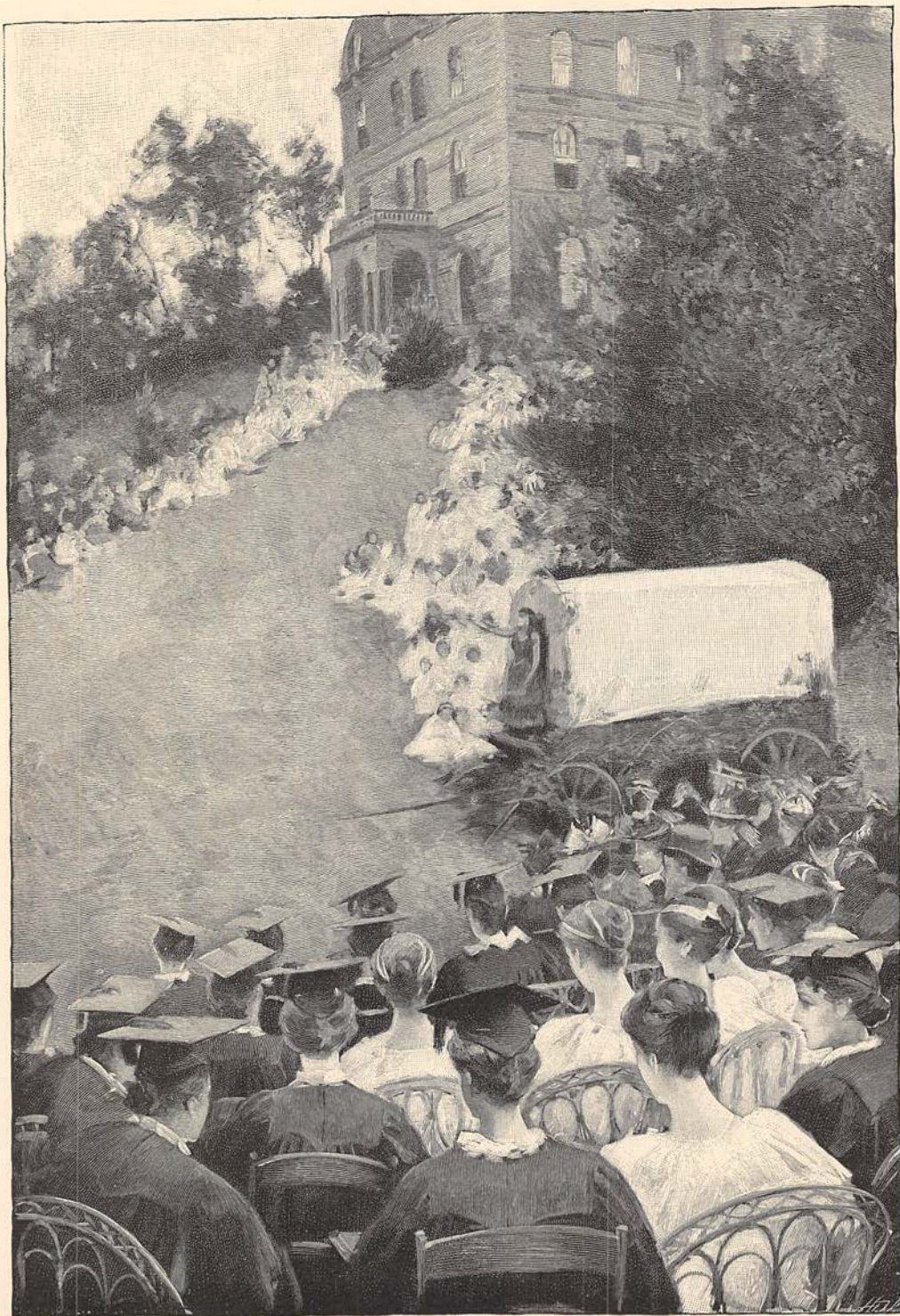
With this in mind, then, we cease to deplore the absence of some substitute, equally active and absorbing, for base-ball, and can easily understand the Vassar girl's fine physique when we see her in the tennis-courts preparing for the annual tournament, or playing golf, practising basket-ball, rowing on the lake, tak-

ing a five-mile tramp over the fields and wooded hills in the midst of which Vassar is situated—field-glass in hand, studying the wild birds that abound; camera in hand, capturing stray bits of the lovely scenery; or basket in hand, gathering wild flowers. Cycling, another sport which has rapidly grown in favor since the pioneer wheel appeared in the fall of '91; driving over the fine country roads of Dutchess County; coasting and skating in season; swimming in the large gymnasium tank; and dancing in the particular parlor arranged for that purpose and always occupied between dinner and chapel, complete the list of exercises which for the Vassar girl replace the athletic sports of the men's colleges so far as physical development is concerned.

As to relaxation and amusement, we might naturally expect to find on Friday and Saturday evenings more social life at Vassar than at Yale, since the college woman, both by the institution and by etiquette, is allowed less freedom than the man to seek society outside the college grounds. Social life must therefore be created for her in the college, and Vassar has it in abundance and variety.

The Philaethis Society, with its three chapters, furnishes dramatic entertainments—a light farce now and then, for which the preparations, although slight, show a surprising amount of ingenuity and artistic ability on the part of the girls, who make their own costumes and paint their own scenery; and four times in the year a more carefully prepared "hall play," presented in Philaethian Hall, which is fitted with stage and properties for the purpose. "Twelfth Night" and "The Rivals" were two very successful attempts of the past winter.

There are, of course, the many receptions: "Philaethian day" and "Founder's day," the two occasions when outside guests make Vassar for a time "co-ed"; the welcoming receptions to the newcomers given early in the fall by the Young Women's Christian Association and by the sophomores—Vassar's way of hazing; and appropriate celebrations of All-hallowe'en and St. Valentine's day, and of Washington's Birthday, when the girls have an opportunity to show their dressmaking skill in the manufacture of colonial costumes.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"TREE DAY," WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

Although receptions at Vassar have a delightful, indescribable atmosphere of their own, still they cannot be called distinctively "Vassar." For this we must turn to the "Trig Ceremonies" and the senior festivities indoors, and outdoors to the "Tree Ceremonies," the excursions to Lake Mohonk, and the "Junior Party."

"Trig Ceremonies" correspond to the burning of the mathematical books customary at some colleges for men. The sophomores celebrate their completion of the prescribed course in trigonometry and initiate the freshmen in the study by an original drama written by a chosen committee of the best literary talent of the class. The play is presented by sophomores on the "Phil" stage, before an audience of students and faculty only, exclusive but enthusiastic. In '95's ceremonies trigonometry was represented in the young professor who courted and wed '95. The class of '96 presented a travesty on the voyage of Columbus, in which they found and conquered the Land of Trig. The ceremonies of '94 were, perhaps, the most brilliant of recent years. The stage represented the Court of Common Pleas at Vassaria, Dutchess County, in which was called the case of Miss Ella Mentsof Trigonometrie *versus* Mr. Victor Charmall Ninety-four for breach of promise. The seniors were represented in the attorney for the defendant, and the juniors in the attorney for the plaintiff; while the representative freshman was Fi Vaninety, a witness.

The names and qualifications of the jurors give opportunity for many hits upon college customs. Mr. Resser Tation Cutt, as an "entire stranger to Vassaria," was considered qualified to act; Mr. Dave Rest was rejected because a foreigner; Mr. Steady Grind, "more in accordance with the principles of Vassaria," was accepted; while Mr. K. O. Dack and Mr. Cappen Gown passed unchallenged. Whatever the form of the play, sophomores are extolled, freshmen kept under a steady fire of "grinds," juniors receive back with interest their grinds upon their younger sisters at the preceding ceremonies, seniors are flattered, and college life in general taken off as often as possible.

The characteristic Vassar customs enjoyed by the seniors occur largely in the senior parlor, open only and always to members of the highest class. Here it is that they gather on the evening of February 14 to celebrate St. Valentine's day. The many missives which have been dropping all day in the huge receptacle outside the doors are distributed, a sample is read from the supply of each senior, and a prize awarded to the recipient of the largest number.

Another senior custom is the celebration of a birthday for each member of the class. When, at the evening dinner, the seniors are seated by themselves along the middle of the large hall, the "birthday girl" is led to the head of the table, which is lighted with colored tapers, strewn with flowers, and surrounded by ten or fifteen seniors in evening dress, and is there placed in charge of the birthday cake with sundry interesting parcels left at her plate.

The "Senior Auction" is a term which covers a day full of sales and entertainments, closing with an evening sale in the gymnasium, where college trophies of every description are auctioned off to the students. The object of the day is to raise funds for the final expenses of the class.

The "Tree Ceremonies," like those of "Trig," belong to the sophomores. On some auspicious night, as quietly as possible to avoid the notice of the other classes, the sophomores collect at a given place, and in fancy costume sally forth to dedicate the elm already chosen as the class tree. The class of '95, in sheet and pillow-case array, gathered in the skating-rink, whence, a long and ghostly line, they proceeded to their tree, dedicated it by the "Mystic Gyration of the Holy Maidens," beheld beneath its branches the "Ordination of the Pontifex Maximus by Prexa '95," and heard the "Interpretation of the Oracle by the Pontifex." Once more the shrouded line formed, and with noises not at all in keeping with their shadowy appearance passed around the main college to the gymnasium, threw off their white array, and proceeded to banquet and toast.

The Mohonk excursion is a never-forgotten trip given each October to the seniors and freshmen by "Uncle Fred," the college trustee, who does much for the pleasure of the students. The ferry across the Hudson in the gray morning, the country ride of fifteen miles to the mountains, the dinner and hours of tramping on the summits, and the evening return, fill one of the happiest of all the Vassar days.

The "Junior Party" was formerly a similar trip, but is now a lawn party. For '92 it was a hay-raking party, given by '93, the guests raking hay by moonlight on the campus, seeking for the dainty souvenirs and prizes hidden in each pile of hay. For '93 it was an archery contest, and for '94 a May-pole dance.

Lectures and concerts, club life,—philanthropic, literary, debating, musical, sewing, cooking,—with numberless teas, spreads, and calls, fill whatever leisure moments are left from study; and these are the amusements that our college women are substituting for the more muscular sports of college men.

Not only do the seniors as a class bear a



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE "FLOAT," WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

large part of the graduation expenses by the profits of the "Senior Auction," and by the proceeds from the "Vassarion," the annual senior publication, but many of them, as individuals, have earned a portion of their expenses through-

out the course as assistants in the library, in the observatory, in the college offices, and in the various laboratories and museum, as mail-carriers, tutors, amateur photographers, and newspaper correspondents.

*Elizabeth E. Boyd.*

#### AT WELLESLEY.

WELLESLEY was founded by a poet,—a poet, to be sure, whose wings of youthful aspiration were rubbed so hard by the law on one side, and by business on the other, that when he finally escaped, white of head, from this rough elbowing, he mentioned no more that great Columbiad of his Harvard dream, but silently built his poetry into a woman's college. Hence it comes that Wellesley is a poem, a theme of passionate aspiration toward beauty, truth, and purity, uttered with all the grace of nature, with no little charm of art, and with exquisite blending of the two in a perpetual presence of girlhood.

So long as her poet lingered with her, every Maytime brought to Wellesley some new fête of his devising—a pageant for welcoming a famous guest, perhaps, or a dainty mask for the naming of a fountain. Under his auspices boats were christened, sports and frolics undertaken, and all manner of student organizations, even to a club of rhymesters, set on foot. It was he, for instance, who originated the Shakspeare Society, which of late years has added a new beauty to the Wellesley Junes by outdoor presentations of Shakspeare's outdoor plays—"As you Like it" under as green a droop of branches as the Forest of Arden ever compassed, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with genuine moonlight, and fairies that even grave professors of science have been inclined to think genuine too.

But although it was the fervent master-spirit that gave initial impulse to the distinctive graces of Wellesley life, girl-nature has been swift to follow that bright leading. The poetic seed fell on congenial soil, for the college girl is a new variety of student. She does not feel, even collectively, a rapture in destruction. A Wellesley class supper involves no bills for broken plate, and Wellesley hazing rarely gets beyond ice-cream and flowers. Yet the Wellesley collegian loves fun of a finer and fairer sort, and delights in the opportunity for esthetic revels afforded by the resources of a girl community. In the intervals of study, and apart from the vigorous exercises of the athletic field, the Wellesley eight hundred find here and there a jocund hour for concert or masquerade, or for drama so modern that on its impassioned and unpunctuated lines the ink of

sophomore genius is not dry. Hallowe'en beholds each cottage and hall bright with a fantastic company, where George Washington lifts his cocked hat to Puss in Boots, and the Cumæan Sibyl sends Mr. Micawber after a fresh supply of oak-leaves. But the merry-makings which are especially Wellesley's own are those springtime festivals known as "Float" and "Tree Day."

The Wellesley "Float" of last June, fairly representative, took place on a clear, still evening. The spectators, numbered by thousands, were gathered by seven o'clock—daylight still, although a filmy half-moon peeped down from the quiet arch of blue, a surreptitious guest. The tall oaks on the steep slope of Pellmill stood motionless, as if listening to the mirthful sounds from Lake Waban. Now it was the murmurous laughter of the great throng that, seated on shawls and cushions, filled the curving shore, and reached out upon the spacious platform of the boat-house; now it was the silver note of a bugle, and now the chant of youthful voices, the treble gallantly reinforced by deeper tones:

Who's alive? Who's alive?  
Wellesley! Wellesley! '95!

Sometimes came a sweet, blithe strain from the glee club; but in the main a fashion of miscellaneous musical repartee prevailed, in which '94 strove against '95, with sturdy diversions in favor of '96 and '97, an occasionally ludicrous effect calling out derisive applause. As the soft blues of the lake were fading into grays, a procession of boats with gaily uniformed crews shot out across the water,—"Waban An-nung," proud with the green and silver of '94; "Soangetaha," showing the junior lavender; and other slender shells, followed, not without ignominious splashes, by freshman scratch crews in less scientific craft. There was no racing, but graceful pulling to and fro, to display the stroke, and dexterous interweaving of the courses. The long New England twilight gradually yielded to the atmosphere of evening. Private boats upon the lake, conspicuous among these a Venetian gondola, lighted their rows of Chinese lanterns, taking on, as the shadows deepened, the aspect of giant fireflies.

Answering rows of lanterns, festooned from tree to tree along the shore, shed their red gleams so brightly that the filmy moon looked paler than ever, and was fairly fluttered out of countenance before the hissing rockets. New, bold, gaudy stars shot up into the dove-colored heavens, while the dim lake was pierced by strange serpentine shafts of crimson, green, and gold. Fiery showers of the air met, as they fell, their fiery reflections rising through the water. The college flotilla clustered in the form of a star near the bank, which hushed in anticipation of the concert. For an hour the unwearied crews sang on, chorusing new songs and old, while the musical responses from the land waxed more and more tumultuous in merriment, the rainbow fireworks sparkled, and the lighted boat-loads of guests flashed to and fro, until the grave, dark hall of learning crowning the deserted hill looked down upon a fairy world of flame and mirth and music.

But in the bright calendar of festivals there is none so dear to Wellesley as "Tree Day," when the frank hospitality of "Float" yields to the exclusiveness of a family party. Eight hundred people, or nine hundred, or a thousand, by remembering that the college gates are shut, can contrive to feel almost cozy. "Tree Day," even more directly than "Float," is a heritage from the founder. He bade the earliest classes set aside one day in Maytime for an outdoor college revel, for the planting and cherishing of chosen trees, for song and ode and pageantry, and for recognition of the sympathy between human life and its "promise and potency" in nature. There has been no break in the succession of Wellesley "Tree Days" since that primitive celebration of 1877, but the process of evolution has made steadily for more picturesque and graceful forms. Beauty, nevertheless, does not reign here without a rival.

The class spirit, even in Wellesley, carries a chip on her white shoulder, and the badinage between classes, the whiz and whirl of well-worn arrows of undergraduate wit, spice sentiment with fun. But year by year the tone is more consistently poetic, the costumes become daintier, the mazes of dance and of processional are traced more heedfully, and the musical and dramatic elements gain ground. The ceremony, in which the freshmen, who plant their tree, and the seniors, who bid farewell to theirs, take the leading parts, tends more and more toward the form of a sylvan mask infinitely varied. Green-robed dryads with leafy wands come dancing from the woodland, whence a blast of the huntsman's horn calls Robin Hood and his merry men; wild-haired gipsies toss their tambourines; gnomes in earth-colored garments troop by with spade on shoulder; the flowers of the field blend their petal hues; English maidens weave the circle about the ribboned May-pole: but all redounds to the praise and love of nature. To her large guardianship the tree of the outgoing class is hopefully intrusted, the soft winds, sweet with fruit-blossoms, wafting far the carol of clear young voices:

Out of the old is the new;  
Under the storm is the blue.  
For each little leaf of the tree  
Shall the warm May sunshine be.  
Fairer the summer in store  
Than all the summers before.



*Katharine Lee Bates.*

#### AT WELLS.

I DO not know that Wells has any special women's sports and pastimes which have developed under her peculiar feminine fostering. Of course, living on the shores of beautiful Cayuga Lake, we spend a good deal of time on the water. There are large club boats, and smaller skiffs for the favored few whose nautical skill and training give them the freedom which all women, though born free and equal, are not permitted to enjoy. We have quiet woods, with their temptations to wander without aim or purpose but that of enjoyment, as do the birds and rabbits whose domain we share, not invade. We have ravines large and small, with waterfalls, and with flowers and ferns which may be

gathered without seeming to diminish their numbers; and cliffs, points, and beaches all along the lake shore, with good roads for walking, driving, and wheeling. For those whose lines have fallen in such pleasant places, what occasion or opportunity is there for anything else or more than the walks, rides, and rows which take us into the midst of these delights? Tennis in spring and fall, and coasting in winter when there happens to be snow enough for it, take up most of our time that may be left, and complete the list of our regular sports.

Occasionally we are moved by pressure from without in the shape of an anniversary or high day, or by some inward impulse, to more or

less elaborate expeditions or undertakings. There is a Casa Felice, a lovely nook in the woods, with a rustic fireplace, which is a favorite spot for teas, and where "Ruskin readings" seem particularly appropriate. There is Rocky Point, where larger parties assemble for impromptu picnics, coming by boat, or wagon, or on foot,—sometimes sketching parties, sometimes birthday parties,—each mode of transportation appearing to its devotees so much more delightful than any other that all are unselfishly anxious not to deprive others of the places that seem especially desirable, until on one occasion scarcely one individual got the place she wished, and, in comparing notes afterward, it was found that those who wished to walk were obliged to ride or row, those who were afraid of the water had to come in the boats, and those who were tired and wanted to ride were compelled by the kindness and politeness of others to walk. That was so absurd that we could but laugh, and we do not often have such mishaps to complain of.

A desire to add to the adornments of the college campus, and also to spend out of doors one of the golden days of Indian summer, led to the performance of a mask, "Homage to Nature," to which the only objection was that as all the students took part there were few to see what a pretty sight it was. The students wore the academic gown, each class of its own color, and each having special trees or shrubs to plant in chosen spots on the campus, and crocuses to put everywhere in the green grass, which were to reproduce next spring the bright colors. In this mask the Nymph of Castalia, Aurora, the goddess Maia, and Diana with her nymphs and dryads, dispute as to which has the best right to lead the students to communion with nature. These render homage to the disputants in turn, with singing, dancing, and dialogues, and all join in the planting. As the groups moved from place to place, the effect of the red, white, purple, and yellow gowns, sometimes scattered, sometimes all blended, was beautiful. To be sure, the weather made a slight mistake, and instead of soft Indian summer it was bleak November, and under those light, floating gowns were cloaks and furs, and the songstresses had fears for their throats; but there were good fires and hot coffee indoors afterward, and no harm was done, and ever since Nature's mask has been a delight to read and to look back upon.

The seasons bring their own amusements. At Hallowe'en there is a straw-ride and games; on Washington's Birthday an old-time reception, Martha Washington party, colonial tea-party, and other variations on that theme. At the close of the semiannual examinations in January there is the relaxation party (do other

colleges have relaxation parties?), when our mighty minds unbend after the labor and strain of examination, and we make a great effort to be foolish rather than wise, and give up an evening entirely to fun, the more nonsensical the better. As the students keep this a strictly private affair, none of the faculty ever being allowed to participate, we must not divulge state secrets by describing the relaxations, but leave them to the imagination of other students.

As a natural consequence of our situation, most of our thoughts of amusement are of something that can be done out in the woods or on the lake; but there is one amusement (shall we call it?), or occupation, which is carried on with unflinching devotion winter and summer, and it is one which we share with every other college and assembly of young women. Do we ever tire of dancing? Do we ever have enough of it?

We have no base-ball nine, and no foot-ball team, and for the very same reasons we have no college yell. These we gladly leave to our brothers.

Even when there is no special day in the calendar to be commemorated, we are fond of having entertainments. At one time it was a Latin play, the scenery for which was to be painted by volunteers from the art department, who found to their dismay that the scene was the Roman Forum at too early a period to be surrounded by anything but mean shops.

Another time it was a "Festival of all Nations," where each nation had a room appropriately decorated and furnished, with girls attired in national costumes engaged in amusements or occupations supposed to be representative. In Greece was gathered about the low table a symposium of wits and philosophers discussing high matters, and also the meager fare of black bread, figs, and dates; in Germany the time passed rapidly away with music furnished by her inhabitants; England was almost strictly literary and student-like; while the difficulty in choosing something adequately to represent our own country was solved by putting the Stars and Stripes over the entrance to the supper-room, where all could unite in peace and harmony and congenial tastes.

Once we had an "Evening with the Angels," when a fair and very lovely reproduction was made of statuary by living maidens; and more recently similar representations of statuary exhibited in the buildings of the World's Fair, making, with calcium-light pictures of the exhibition, a pleasant evening of reminiscence of our reunion in Chicago.

Dramatic efforts are perhaps the favorite direction which such entertainments take, and they are not confined to Latin, neither are they always English, for the very last was a French one, and the French and German students fre-

quently entertain the others, while, it is to be hoped, benefiting themselves.

No mention has been made of the suppers and other entertainments of classes and societies; one of which, however, perhaps deserves mention as being a feature of a woman's college which distinguishes it from men's colleges. The freshman class is greeted soon after its advent by the sophomores with a supper and some pleasant entertainment, which we are inclined to think is preferable to hazing. This may be prejudice, though.

Does this seem a very extensive list of "sports" for a place whose ostensible purpose is work? But are we not hearing from every part of society the cry for more play? And if a college aims at something more than the imparting of a certain, or uncertain, amount of knowledge, or a definite number of facts, is it

not right that it should attempt to give its students some conception of the proper relative proportions of work and recreation? We believe in the old saw, "Work while you work, play while you play," and that rest from work should be *play*, not *doing nothing*; and we think that it is worth while to make even considerable effort, if necessary, to deliver ourselves from the evil of idly "sitting around" in our hours of recreation, doing nothing, or talking gossip, rather worse than nothing. The true end of a college, as of any other mode of education, will be attained only when we shall have learned the due proportions in which to mingle work and play, in order that healthy minds in sound bodies may carry on with all the energies of which they are capable the work of making the world, or that little corner in which each of us may be placed, the better for her having lived in it.

A. A. Wood.

## A NEW FLYING-MACHINE.

### MAXIM'S EXPERIMENTS IN AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

BY THE INVENTOR.



**I**N 1889 I decided on conducting a series of experiments in order to ascertain if it were possible to construct a practical flying-machine; but before beginning these experiments I took every means of learning what had already been done by others, purchasing all the books on the subject obtainable in the English and French languages. A careful study of the subject at that time seemed to point to the following state of the art: The only apparatus which had ever been made to ascend with one or more men on board was the balloon. Many attempts had been made to steer or navigate balloons, but without success. They had been made in every possible shape, and had been provided with various kinds of motors, but in every case the power developed was not sufficient to enable them to make headway against the lightest kind of breeze. With machines heavier than air no progress had been made. It seemed to me to be quite impossible so to construct a balloon that it would not be completely at the mercy of the wind, and that success could be obtained only with a machine heavier than the air, something that should depend wholly on mechanical energy both for sustension and propulsion. It is true that a great many ex-

periments in this line had been conducted by others, but generally on an exceedingly small scale, with very imperfect apparatus, and the results had always been most unsatisfactory. I therefore determined to make my experiments on a scale sufficiently large to render them of some value, and in order to do this it was necessary to obtain large premises where both gas and water were available. Baldwyn's Park, in Kent, situated about a mile from one of the principal gun-factories, was obtained for this purpose.

After taking possession, the first thing was to erect a very large wooden building, one end of which was composed of four immense doors. In this building experiments were begun. Before attempting to construct a large machine, I made a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining how much power would be required to perform artificial flight, using aëroplanes for sustension, and screw propellers for propulsion. These experiments I fully described in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for October, 1891. The results seemed to show that unless there should be some unfavorable factor relating wholly to size, it would be possible to make a practical flying-machine.

Engineers and scientists have long admitted that a flying-machine would be possible provided that some one should succeed in produc-